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Roxbury, May 3, 1857.

My dear Henry:

Thanks for your brief epistle of the 30th ult., and for every previous letter received from you. You well know, at least you should need no assurance from me, that I heartily reciprocate all your warm expressions of friendship and love. If I know any body intimately and well, to the very heart's core, it is yourself; and truly can I say, that since our acquaintance was formed, I have ever found you to be true to the principles you have declared, bold and inflexible in the advocacy of unpopular truths, constant and abounding in your sympathy for suffering and oppressed humanity, and in active hostility to whatever tends to degrade man or libel the true God. Underlying all methods of action and forms of statement, I have always perceived in you a reverent and loving

towards Him who is higher than the highest, and an all-pervading desire to help usher in the day of millenial glory. Your field has been the world, and you have proved yourself to be a man and a brother to the whole human race; and I am sure never has a more disinterested laborer put his hands to the plough, or turned the furrows, or scattered the seeds of liberty, peace, and human brotherhood. As you have sown, so shall you also reap; for that is the eternal law. You shall shout "harvest home," in the crowning hour which shall witness your translation to another and a higher sphere of existence, bearing your sheaves along with you. — But I must stop in this expression of heartfelt appreciation of your character and labors; for I am sorely pressed for time, and write at a galloping pace.

Yesterday I had the melancholy satisfaction of attending the funeral services of our dear, lamented friend and tireless co-worker, Hartshal Southwick, at Granville.

She died on Sunday night, after having retired to rest as well and bright as usual. There was a large gathering of old and cherished anti-slavery friends; and glowing testimonies to her extraordinary worth were given by Adin Ballou, George Thompson, George Bradburn, and myself. It was an occasion of great tenderness, and very impressive. Blessings on her memory forever!

I do not wonder that you feel somewhat lonely and isolated in the breaking up of our anti-slavery operations. Well, dear friend, "the line is forming on the other side," and we shall join the beloved ones who have gone before, to receive their welcome, and perhaps engage with them in some new struggle with the Adversary, in due time.

I sail in the Cuba for Liverpool on Wednesday forenoon, in company with dear Thompson, to be gone some four or five months. I regret I cannot give you the parting hand.

Yours, for all that is good and true,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Henry C. Wright.

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